WASHINGTON BELLE DISCARDED BY JAPANESE HUSBAND

MRS. FUWA'S SON.

MRS. FUWA AND HER HUSBAND.

WHERE THE DESERTED WOMAN LIVES.

Romance of a Young Girl Who Wedded a Student of Howard University, After Brief Courtship, Ends Sadly

MRS. IRENE FUWA, a pretty American girl who married a Japanese student at Howard University, in this city, eight years ago, has written to friends here, saying that she is separated from her husband and would be glad to return to her position as librarian at the university, which she held at the time of her marriage.

The letters have served to revive interest in an unusual romance in which Mrs. Fuwa figured, the details of which are known only to a few of her intimate friends, and to those professors still at the university who were there eight years ago.

Mrs. Fuwa's maiden name was Irene Tyler. A young and attractive girl with an unusual lot of book learning stored away in her brain, and a rather too noticeable likeness for the odd and quaint, she came to Washington in September, 1891, from her native home at Georgetown, Mass., to accept a position as librarian at the Howard University.

Attending the same college was Tomotsu Fuwa, a rather agreeable looking, dapper representative of the Land of the Chrysanthemums, who had arrived only a short while before in the capacity of interpreter to a Japanese gentleman of some means. They had parted company in Washington, but Fuwa decided to remain in the city, especially as one day when he happened to visit the Howard University library on a sightseeing tour he caught a glimpse of a pair of bright blue eyes, and an aureole of golden brown hair which set his heart to beating fast. He at once made arrangements to enroll himself as a student in the law school at the university.

Already somewhat proficient in the English language, he made rapid progress and easily managed to bring about an introduction to the pretty keeper of books by whom his fancy had been taken captive.

It was noticeable among the other students that young Fuwa lost no opportunity to do work in the library, where he would consult the librarian many times a day for books of reference. The two gradually became quite chummy.

Miss Tyler exhibited a marked degree of interest in Japanese books and customs and naturally she very often appealed to the attentive law student for information. Japan, she told some of her schoolmates, was her ideal of a country.

Fuwa's attentiveness soon developed into a courtship which became the current topic of gossip at college. Miss Tyler met him on equal terms. She went with him to social gatherings and the fine spacious grounds of the institution with the pretty groves and glades offered a fine opportunity for the wooing.

At that time the girl was firmly under the impression that Fuwa held a position of some prominence in his country. She told some of her friends he was a prince in disguise.

The college professors so far from seeing anything princely in him regarded him as a rather ordinary Japanese without any special claims for either intelligence or personal charms. They had heard rumors furthermore that Fuwa belonged in rather humble station in his native country, and on inquiry at the Japanese legation they learned that he had no connection with the official residence whatever.

With this state of affairs in mind the authorities deemed it proper to express to Miss Tyler in an inoffensive way as possible their disapproval of the romance which was being played under their eyes.

Her pride was at once up in arms against the rebuke, and, much to the regret of the college authorities, who regarded her as an exceedingly bright and capable girl, she resigned in December, 1897, after having served six years as a most faithful, efficient employe. Previous to her resignation, however, Miss Tyler had already pledged her fate to the gallant Japanese swain.

One day they had quietly slipped away from Washington and gone to Annapolis, where the ceremony was performed which made them man and wife. The couple went to the bride's girlhood home to spend a brief honeymoon. The village wiseacres were somewhat shocked at the appearance of Miss Tyler's foreign beau, but the Tyler family, they said, always had an "odd streak."

To Mrs. Tyler the news of her daughter's marriage was a crushing blow. She did not approve of the Jap, nor did some of the others in the village, and things became so uncomfortable for young Fuwa that he decided to make a dramatic ending to the little international romance in which he had figured.

Fuwa, therefore, bade his wife and baby a hasty farewell, making promises of a speedy return.

Time went on apace and no word came from the recreant lover and husband. One day the young wife packed her belongings and with the baby went to Vancouver. From there she took passage for Japan.

There she found her husband, but he had by this time lost all his enthusiasm for the "wonderful United States," and had gone back to his old haunts and habits. Mrs. Fuwa secured a position as a teacher of English in a school. Except while teaching she lived as all the Japanese women did, and the costumes and pretty country delighted her. In other ways, however, it was a disappointment, and in 1902 Mrs. Fuwa decided to return to her old home at Georgetown, Mass., where she now is with her mother and father. She is a very cultivated woman, and is making use of her experiences in Japan to write some interesting stories of life in the "Land of the Rising Sun." With her is her little son, Hamao, a bright, black-eyed little boy of six. Needless to say very little of Tomotsu Fuwa is heard in the household, but Mrs. Fuwa is still fond of Japan, and when Hamao gets older she intends to return there.

Fickle Husband Went to Japan and Returned Not, When the Wife Followed. Now She Is Home Again With Her Boy

ONE WORK DAY WITH THE SENATORS AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL

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THIS is the season of the year when the average United States Senator longs to hang the "This is my Busy Day" sign upon his office door. However, it is forbidden that he more than dream of having recourse to any such time-honored subterfuge. The modern businessman hedged about with safeguards and protected by over-zealous assistants may enjoy immunity from unwelcome visitors who waste his time with trivial matters, but a member of the upper house of Congress can hope for no such boon. The ethics of American politics demand that he shall see personally every man who has the ghost of an excuse for calling, and so the wearer of the toga goes on trying to crowd twenty-four hours' work into sixteen and failing further behind all the time.

This year of all years, nine Senators out of every ten are particularly busy. The always overworked lawmaker is now in the midst of a long session of Congress crowded with important measures, and just ahead is a hot political campaign, the preparations for which are already taking up more or less of his time. On top of it all he must strive to keep pace with a social game, which, taking its cue from the lavish White House hospitalities, is the liveliest which official circles at the National Capital have ever known.

There has long been a disposition on the part of the public—or at least by that portion of it which forms its opinions from the funnyisms of the joke writers—to suspect the United States Senators of earning a $5,000 per year salary just a trifle easier than anybody else in the country. This suspicion of big pay for little work is based upon the fact that the Congressman is seldom in Washington more than six months out of the year, and frequently only three months out of the twelve, and that when he is on duty he does not put in an appearance at the Capitol much before noon any day; added to all of which is the fact that he is enabled to travel to and from Washington in the most luxurious style and Uncle Sam foots the bill, and while at the seat of government he need pay out nothing for shaves, shines, baths, medicines, or stationery, all of which are provided by his generous employer.

However, there is another side to the story and a glimpse of it would convince most persons that a United States Senator gives far more in return for his stipend of $100 a week than any other man of equal ability and experience in business or the professions. For one thing, this year's experience is likely to be an excellent one to refute the theory that a Senator gives a small proportion of his time to the Government service. The chances are that every Senator will in 1904 devote at least seven months to legislative labors, and inasmuch as every Senator is a political leader in his own State he is sure to be counting on anywhere from two to four months hard political work in committee headquarters or on the stump between the adjournment of Congress and the fall elections.

As for his daily labors during the Congressional session at Washington, it is true he can seldom be found at the Capitol ere 11:30 o'clock or noon, but that does not mean that he has been a gentleman of elegant leisure during the earlier hours of the day by any means. On the contrary, the fact that he was up very late the night before did not deter him from arising soon after 8 o'clock, and less than an hour later he is busy in his study or home office going over the mail with his private secretary or stenographer. The morning mail, in the case of a Senator of any prominence assumes truly colossal proportions.

There are now in the Senate men who receive on an average several hundred letters per day—in some instances almost as many as come to the President—and whereas many of the White House letters can be turned over for reply to one or another of the executive departments, the average missive received by a Senator calls for direct answer. A good share of each day's budget is made up of letters from men and women in the Senator's State, who are seeking places in the Government service, either at home or in Washington. Some of them perhaps can be disposed of with stereotyped information about the civil service requirements and examinations, but, like as not, many of the communications are applications for some lone position which happens to be just at the moment at the Senator's disposal, and in such event the Senator must weigh the relative claims and qualifications of the various petitioners, and finally proceed to the not easier task of dictating conciliatory letters to the disappointed ones.

In this bountiful mail also are dozens of letters from persons who want the Senator to support or oppose measures before Congress, or who seek to have him introduce new measures on every conceivable subject. Chances are there are likewise a stack of letters from persons who seek soldiers' pensions; appeals from boys who want to get into the army or navy, and from mothers who wish to get their sons out of the service; begging letters of every imaginable sort; enough invitations of one kind or another to make up a respectable-size social correspondence; newspaper clippings and marked copies of newspapers in great profusion; requests for extensions of the rural free delivery service, and more miscellaneous requests than could be enumerated in a column of this newspaper.

In short the expense involved in handling a Senator's mail is in itself sufficient to puncture any fallacies as to how much net profit there is in a Senatorial job. To be sure the lawmaker is not obliged to pay any postage, his signature on an envelope serving in lieu of a postage stamp, but he is extremely lucky if the $120 which Uncle Sam allows him for the purpose will cover his annual bills for stationery. To secure a thoroughly competent private secretary he must lay out anywhere from $2,500 to $5,000 a year, or, in other words at least double what the Government allows him for the purpose. Nor is this all for the Senator who is at all active in national affairs will require at least one stenographer and typewriter in addition to his private secretary, and Senators who, like Senator Scott, are men of affairs, often employ regularly two or three men as assistants to the private secretary.

But to return to the daily program of the busy Senator. The mail is out of the way soon after 10 o'clock, the Senator having dictated the answers to only a few letters and left the remainder with the secretary with general instructions as to the replies which are to be shaped. Almost invariably he has several matters on hand which necessitate visits to various Government departments, and he would like to be off early on these missions in order to forestall other Senators having similar errands but probably several petitioners and political retainers have sought him at his home and he must delay his departure until he has listened to each.

It is when the newly-elected Senator starts out to make his daily round of visits to the departments that he realizes, if he has not done so before, that a carriage or an automobile is an absolute necessity in his business. There is ample reason for designating Washington as the City of Magnificent Distances, and no person realizes this more quickly than the Congressman trying to visit in a limited interval several widely separated centers of governmental activity. At the departments Senators are given precedence over all other visitors, but frequently several Senators are calling at the same time, and so there are inevitable delays, with the climax of a genuine wait when after 11 o'clock the Senator calls at the White House to claim his share of the allotted time which the Chief Executive is supposed to reserve for Congressional callers.

There has been more than one occasion on which President Roosevelt, engrossed with one Senatorial caller, has "completely forgotten" other wearers of the toga cooling their heels in the anteroom, and with such dangers ever present the Senator can indeed thank his lucky stars if he is enabled to reach the Capitol by 12 o'clock, supposedly to begin the real work of the day. With the exception of a brief respite for lunch the entire afternoon is given up to legislative work and kindred interests. That the Senator is not constantly in the Senate chamber introducing measures, participating in debate, or helping to make up a quorum, does not mean that he is not busy. It is an open secret that the real work of Congress is not done on the floor of either house, and of this "behind the scenes" work—the conferences and committee meetings—every Senator of any prominence has his full share. Sandwiched into the afternoon's program, already overcrowded, must be intervals when the Senator will talk with the newspaper correspondents, particularly those representing the papers in his own State, and other stolen minutes when he will point out the sights of the Capitol to prominent visitors from his own section of the Union or at least make out passes, signed in autograph, admitting the sightseers to the galleries reserved for the personal friends of Senators and from which may be gained the best view of the procedings on the floor of the legislative hall.

The deeply engrossed Senator may find it difficult to leave some unfinished work at the great white-domed building as 6 o'clock draws near, but he knows that he must get away and hurry home to dress, for with that hour begins a new cycle of activities in the day's ceaseless round. The social occupation to which the Senator turns his attention with the coming of dusk is quite as important in its way as his legislative work, his political career, or his business interests. No Senator who aspires to be a power in Washington can wholly neglect society and its demands and opportunities. Often, however, the requirements are exacting. Every evening for weeks at a time, the Senator and his wife, if not giving a dinner themselves, are dining out.

Ordinarily the guests at one of these small dinners, for which American social and political wire pullers are becoming famous, and at which the discussions cover the entire range of national and international affairs, do not rise from the table much before 10 o'clock unless the dinner is to be followed by a reception or ball, but like as not the Senator who has already put in a long working day will be obliged to excuse himself and pick up one or another of the loose threads of his affairs. It may be a summons from the White House for a conference with the President on some knotty political appointment; or perhaps an unexpected turn of affairs has necessitated a secret confab of the leaders of his party, or again, a small army of newspaper correspondents may be clamoring for the lawmaker's views on this, that, or the other subject if maynap he has been thrust into the limelight by the day's proceedings. Finally, midnight or even 1 o'clock in the morning may find this much envied public man installed in a big leather chair in his "den" in the otherwise darkened residence busily engaged with his secretary in disposing of matters that have cropped up late in the day and still striving doggedly but hopelessly to "catch up."

WASHINGTON'S ENORMOUS PIE PRODUCTION

PIE is not going out of fashion in Washington, if the statistics of bakers prove anything. There is one factory in Washington that sometimes turns out ten thousand pies in a single day.

And there is no reason why pie should be tabooed, according to these same bakers. "Apple is good food if properly made, but a poor food if poorly made," said one of the bakers who is a member of a firm which charges more for its pies than almost any bakery in the country and which bakes nothing else.

"In the first place, you have to be clean." A glance through the factory showed new and well-scoured wooden tubs, with a small swimming bath for pie plates as the most prominent feature.

"In the second place, you have to get the best ingredients."

The apples for the apple pies were big rosy pippins, which must have brought well above the average in open market. The apples for mince pies were not nearly so good, being rotten in spots. The milk was thick and the cream proved on tasting to be delicious, foamy on top, cool and rich. The eggs were entirely fresh.

"In the third place, you have to get the proper receipes. But that is our trade secret. We think they are right and aren't looking for others. It's all in the combination of the spices. I can't tell you about that, though.

"Apple pies are the most popular the year round. For example, here is a typical day's order: Apple, 600; mince, 300; lemon cream, 200. The rest are all below dwindling down to a few dozens. In Lent the consumption of mince is away down, because of the meat in it. Christmas, Thanksgiving, and New Year it is correspondingly up, though.

Apple Always Leads.

"Apple is always in the lead, except just when fresh strawberries come. Then strawberry pies take the lead for three weeks or a month. Pumpkins run well when fresh squash come in and then gradually fall off as people get accustomed to them, until the middle of January. Then strangely enough, they take another jump. It is, I think, because the fresh squashes have given out and the people like the taste of the canned pumpkin. In winter we use canned fruit for peaches, blueberries, etc., but never for apples.

"It's a common error to suppose that the undercrust of a pie is more soggy or less healthy than the upper. It isn't in a good pie. Just look at this." The baker pointed out two girls, one of whom was rolling the under crust, the other the upper. "Each one of them rolls them just as thin as possible, so that they can hold the fruit after baking, and furthermore the lower crust should be just as thoroughly baked." He took a mince pie warm from the oven and turned it upside down, showing an under crust just as crisp and brown as the upper.

Work Day and Night.

"We work night and day here—preparing the food in the day, baking at night. In that way we have the pies fresher for delivery than if we let them stand a full twenty-four hours.

"There are several big bakeries in Washington now that do nothing but bake pies. The average daily output of the four of them is between 10,000 and 20,000, I suppose. They are practically all consumed in Washington. And, of course, that doesn't count restaurants and private houses that do their own cooking. We have tweny of our own delivery wagons and could use more, and including drivers have 105 employes.

"Not quite half of them are women. The men do the heavy work and the women the quick light work. They are cleaner, quicker, and more deft. It takes them about three months to learn the trade.

"Making good pie is as much of a science as making good beef extract. The same accurate adjustment of the division of labor is observable in a pie factory as in a big department store."

This is how apple pies are made in the largest bakeries:

A barrel of apples is surrounded by two girls. One of them rapidly hands the apples to the other, who jabs them on a spindle. A turn of her wrist and a revolving knife has shaved the skin off the apple. She throws the nude fruit into a barrel with her left hand and jabs another onto the machine with her right.

When the barrel of skinless apples is full it is removed into the midst of a bevy of good looking lassies who have white rags around their left thumbs and sharp knives in their right hands. The lasses cut the apples up into six or eight pieces and throw away the cores.

Takes Time of Dog Shift.

This work takes all of the afternoon time of the day shift. In the morning it has been their business to wash up the plates which were distributed among the Washington restaurants the day before with pies on them. The washing is done in a huge wooden tub—wooden because it is cleaner.

The night shift comes on at 8, and then begins the putting together of the ingredients into one pie. Four girls and one man stand around a table with a lot of dough made of flour, water and lard in front of them.

One makes a big roll of dough six inches in diameter and two feet long. Then she tears it to pieces again in three inch balls. A girl at her right, rolls it out into a circular disk about ten inches across and as thin as the traffic will bear. She stamps it with a big A, that means apple pie. Then she folds her disk double; so much for the top crust.

The other two girls make the bottom crust in exactly the same way, except that it is a trifle bigger. The man is making dough all this time.

Work of the Girls.

Three entirely different girls are standing at the head of the table. One lays disk on the bottom of a tin baking pie plate. The second brushes a brush soaked in water across the greasy bottom of the dough, which is to become the under crust. A third puts in a big handful of the apples, almost before the brush has been drawn once across the dough. The whole job of these three girls is wonderfully fast.

Another girl sprinkles the apples as fast as they are filled into the lower crust with sugar and spices.

Still another girl takes the future pie, which now has an under crust of dough and a filling of raw sliced apples and sugar and spice and slaps one of the upper crusts on it. She then slides it over to another girl, who jabs it under a machine that has a rotary knife upon it. The knife trims off the overhanging edges of the dough.

Then the pie is pushed on to a long leather belt, which runs through the center of the big table and carries the pies down to the big oven. There are four ovens, all rotary. Each has a capacity of 225 pies at one time, and is about twenty-five feet across. The pies are placed on a wheel with shelves on it, which makes one revolution above and beneath the fire each half an hour. After one revolution and a quarter a pie is baked. They are then taken out and laid aside ready to go out on the morning's delivery.

HYPNOTISM AND SURGERY

DR. FRANK G. ALDRICH, a London physician, gives the following remarkable account of the amputation of a woman's leg, during which no anesthetic but hypnotism was used. The patient was a single woman, aged thirty-three years, on whom, for several reasons, it was not considered desirable to use ordinary anesthetics. At 3:45 p. m. she was "put to sleep," not being informed that the operation was to be performed. At 4:30, while preparations were being made in the room for the operation, she became rather restless, and the doctors covered her eyes. She immediately objected, saying, "Don't cover my eyes," although she was apparently fast asleep. So her eyes were uncovered. "At 4:50, everything being in readiness, I told her that the operation was to commence, and that she would feel nothing. She said, 'All right, hold my hands,' and while she spoke the skin incisions were made. During the course of the operation she several times asked the nurse for and drank sips of water and a little port wine, and made general remarks." The leg was removed at the knee, not the least indication, even by twitch or wince, being given of any pain during the operation. At 5:30 the doctors left her quite comfortable, and at 6:30 she ate a cry, and in a month was out of doors.